Denial ain't just a river

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Denial ain't just a river

by GuardianOfThePeanut

Summary

From his talk with Clarice, the only thing Will could think of was his best friend's snarky comment: “What you really need is to get fucked real good by a daddy that takes care of you, William.”

or

Will is in denial about really wanting Dr. Lecter to fuck him silly, but still put something Hannibal gifted him in his ass. And then it gets stuck.

Notes

This could be part one of a three-part series. If I manage to write it.
It was supposed to be a one-shot, but just when I finished it, I realized it could be a prequel to the next thing I wanted to write.

Lots of love to, well everyone who has to go through my bullshit. Especially to Bork who had the very difficult task to correct this.

Thanks to all of you for reading, leaving kudo's and comments. The daily AO3 kudo mail is the highlight of my days. You all rock!

See the end of the work for more notes

All of Will's attention was fixed on the tube of lip balm in his hand. Will had thought about it, *fantasized* about it for hours, about how it would feel inside of him.

After his disastrous experiences with multiple girls, and even a boy, he had gone to Clarice for help.

From his talk with her, the only thing Will could think of was his best friend's snarky comment: “What you really need is to get fucked real good by a daddy that takes care of you, William.”

He had denied it with everything he had, with everything he *was* , but if Clarice’s knowing smirk was anything to go by, he had failed miserably.

Will did the only thing he could think of, he watched porn. He started with some soft things, if you could even call porn soft. A few videos of a man and a woman having gentle sex, and suddenly he somehow ended up watching a video called: "Twink rides his daddy like a good slut and gets praised".

Will hated it when Clarice was right, she always got all smug and shit.

So now Will wanted to try and see how it felt to have something inside of him. If it felt as good as it looked in the video.

There were lots of things he could have tried, like the handle of his hairbrush or a pen but his mind kept going back to the lip balm, the one Hannibal had given him. The man had come into Will’s life during Will’s darkest moments.

Will had been taken in by his mom at 15 when his dad, a modest fisherman, died. His mother never wanted children, Will being merely the result of a summer fling between a rich beautiful girl and a poor strong fisherman. Will had been abandoned and left in his dad’s care as soon as possible.

Luckily for him, Will was a stunning boy, smart and well behaved, the perfect son to show off to his mother’s friends who were New Orleans’s socialites. The first thing she had done was change Will’s name to William La Fontaine and throw a party ‘in his honor’.

As Will could empathize with anyone it hadn’t taken him too much time to blend in, even if it was only in the shadows. He hated the parties and the people, the stiff clothes and strong perfume, and even more the delicate food that left him hungry.

And in came Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

From that first party, Hannibal became everything to Will. He was the only thing that kept Will going. The man was always there to protect Will from the others, Will’s mother included. He would help the younger boy hide, and sometimes even hid with him.

Often when Will’s guardians left Will alone for a long period of time or when they simply felt like it, Will would go to Hannibal. He'd have dinner with him and spend long evenings

reading or talking. Hannibal would help Will study in the rare cases he didn't get something. Will may or may not have pretended to not understand something, just to hear Hannibal's soothing voice or when he wanted to spend some more time with the man. When Will was in trouble or he was simply feeling down, it was always Hannibal he called. And Hannibal always answered.

One day Will had chapped lips and Hannibal had given him his lip balm and told Will to keep it.

So when a 19 years old Willliam La Fontaine put said lip balm inside of his ass and it got stuck, there was only one thing he could do, really.

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Will waited for Hannibal in front of the door of his office at the hospital for 24 minutes before the door opened, letting another doctor get out. The man stopped, surprised to see someone standing there but Hannibal didn't let him fester.

"I will see you next week, Frederick." Will could see that the man had questions, his eyes raking over Will's body, and was ready to ask anyway but Hannibal swiftly put an end to it.

"You can enter, I will be there in an instant." The older man said, face blank.

"I- Okay. Thank you, doctor." Will bowed his head and entered the office without a word. It was quite spacious for an office in a hospital. The desk was the central piece of furniture in the middle of the room. Hannibal's comfortable chair at one side and two uncomfortable-looking chairs for his patients. On most of the walls, heavy-looking bookshelves were pushed against them which made the office look a bit more lively. The room was, of course, immaculate.

The older man and his colleague kept talking but all Will could hear was Hannibal's unrelenting voice. Will went to the bookshelves, avoiding sitting at all costs, and startled when the door finally closed.

"I wasn't aware you were going to come today," Hannibal said, moving to his desk without looking at Will.

Will moved, uneasy. He mostly went to Hannibal's house after work, only having visited the practice once or twice before. "Am-Am I bothering you? Because I can-" Hannibal's gaze lifted from the papers he was looking at, his whole attention shifting to Will. He moved his head, inquiring.

"You know you're always welcome, dear Will," Will shuddered slightly at the name. "I simply am curious as to why you would come here on a Thursday afternoon." Hannibal lifted an eyebrow at Will's squirming.

“It’s- I did something- I shouldn’t- Oh God I can’t.” Out of embarrassment, Will tried to leave the office, ready to leave the city, the country, or even the planet, anything but confess what he’d done to the man he admired so much.

But Hannibal was surprisingly fast and managed to cross half of the office and grab Will’s arm before the younger man could even reach the door. The sudden movement made the stick inside of him move and Will closed his eyes, and whined, overwhelmed. Hannibal let him go as if Will had burned him.

“Will, what is going on? Are you alright?” The worry on Hannibal’s face made Will want to die. Why on earth had he done this? Why?

“Yes,” Will managed to spit out, between clenched jaws. “Just peachy. I just forgot about-” He was cut by Hannibal’s strong hands, one on his chin, lifting his head and the other on his forehead.

“Don’t lie to me Will, you look rather flustered,” Hannibal said disapprovingly. “Do you want to sit down, so we can talk about what’s-” Will winced and took a step back, accidentally hitting the bookshelf behind him, making him moan.

He closed his eyes, knowing there was no hiding what he’d done anymore. He gulped, bracing himself before opening his eyes.

“Did someone hurt you?” Will had to admit that the conclusion was a sound one, and he could have tried to get out of this that way, but if the murderous expression on Hannibal’s face was anything to go by, it could end even worse than just admitting what he’d done.

Oh god, he didn’t have any choice anymore, did he?

“I-no. It’s- I did it.” Will knew he must be beet red right now. He tried to avert the older man’s gaze, to look at the ground or up or anywhere really but the man’s warm hands gently lifted his face again.

Hannibal's hands were just the right type of rough. They were perfect.

“William,” Will’s attention shifted from Hannibal’s hands to his eyes that were shifting between amusement and concern. “You know you can tell me everything, don’t you?” Will nodded. Of course, he did. Knowing it didn't make this easier though. “No matter what happened. I just care for your wellbeing. Tell me, William.”

And Hannibal must have known that while Will hated when people called him William, hated that his mother had made him change his name, when the older man used it, it made Will want to squirm, to do anything the man asked him. It made Will want to be good for him. Anything to see approbation on the man’s face.

“Iputsomethinginmyassandcantakeitout.” Will said in one breath, before realizing there was no way Hannibal would have gotten that. He wanted to die, ready to be asked to repeat himself, to have to say it again but slower, when he heard Hannibal groan.

“Oh my darling boy, you have to test my patience in any way you can, don’t you?” Will lost his breath when his back hit the bookshelf again, this time Hannibal pinning him against it. He moaned at the feeling of Hannibal’s warm and hard body against his. Hannibal hid his head in the crook of Will’s shoulder and Will let out a slight cry when Hannibal slightly bit the meat he found there.

Will had no idea what was happening but he sure as hell didn’t want it to end.

And just like that, Hannibal was gone. Will tried to understand what just happened but failed. He wanted to let himself slide down to sit on the ground but knew it would be a bad idea.

He lifted his head to look at the older man. Hannibal was back at his desk, both his hands braced on the surface, he was pointedly not looking at Will, visibly trying to regain control over himself. What the fuck just happened?

“I suppose going to the ER is out of the question?” Hannibal’s voice was tight and Will blanched at the thought. If he had to go to the ER his mother would know, and that was a very bad idea.

But the last thing Will wanted was to be an inconvenience to Hannibal, so he got ready to say it would be okay, he would go, but Hannibal sighed.

“I won’t let you go to the ER. I won’t take the risk of them hurting you in any way.” Will knew Hannibal had no respect for most of his colleagues, which was one of the reasons he came to Hannibal directly.

When Will had sprained his ankle and had to go to the ER, Hannibal’s main workplace, the older man nearly got them thrown out because of how much he had bitched at the people there.

“I’m sorry,” Will’s voice felt small and vulnerable. Will hated it, but it made Hannibal look at him, features soft.

“It’s alright, Will. I would have preferred if you had come to me to talk about this before… experimenting, but I understand the need to discover one’s body” Hannibal was moving again, a lot slower than before. When he was in front of Will again, he opened his arms, a clear invitation.

Will threw himself into the embrace, all too happy to bask in Hannibal’s warmth.

Hannibal pushed back a bit and led Will to the desk.

“I don’t have an examination table here, so we will have to make do with what we have. Take your pants and underwear off and put your hands on the desk.” Will gulped, embarrassingly trying to open his fly. He was startled when he felt Hannibal's hands on his. “My dear Will, I know this must be mortifying for you, but please remember I am a surgeon. There isn’t much of the human body I haven’t seen yet. There is nothing to be ashamed of.”

It helped. Taking a big breath, Will did what he was told, folding his pants under Hannibal's appreciative glance, putting them on one of the chairs . He was startled again when Hannibal gently touched his hip, moving him as he wanted him. Hannibal then took a chair and some tools and went to sit behind Will.

"Since we're here until I manage to get it out, I think we ought to have a discussion about safe sexual practices." Will wanted to object but there was nothing he could do at this point. He sighed and nodded. "First, tell me, what exactly is it you inserted inside yourself?"

And maybe Hannibal wouldn't remember he had been the one to give the balm. Will decided to be as vague as possible. "A tube… cosmetics," Will whispered as Hannibal's gloved hands started to touch his ass. Will felt goosebumps rise all over his body at the feeling. He didn't wish Hannibal would touch him there without gloves. Definitely not. It made no sense to want that.

Will could only imagine Hannibal's expression, how he would lift an eyebrow at the answer.

"It's going to be cold." At those words, cool fingers, probably coated in lube, started to touch his rim. Will mewled at the feeling. "What did you use as lubricant?" Will felt grateful at the emotionless voice Hannibal used as if he hadn't even heard the sounds Will was making.

"Lo-lotion." Will managed to answer between clenched teeth. Hannibal tssked, one of his fingers slowly breaching Will.

"I will buy you some real lubricant. No, don't try to object. I know you, if I let you do the purchase, you will buy some off-brand cheap thing that will be no better than lotion." And Hannibal would buy the best odorless quality lube on the market, as he always did with everything.

And Will would let him because seeing nothing but approval on Hannibal's face when Will wore the clothes the older man had picked out for him or when he saw Will use whatever stuff Hannibal had decided was absolutely necessary, made it always worth it.

"It is important when one partakes in anal sex to use a lot of lubricants, to avoid pain and for the act to be as comfortable and pleasurable as possible. " Hannibal hummed when he felt the balm, but ignored it for now as he slowly worked up to a second finger. "Provided that pain is not something you want, of course. Still, one has to be careful to not tear the fragile skin. Spit or sperm are no suitable substitutions either."

Will, who had been biting on his shirt to keep the noises down let out a very loud moan when Hannibal started to stretch him out. He had to be honest, it felt a lot better when Hannibal did it than when Will himself had tried.

He had no idea how he was supposed to remember what the hell Hannibal was saying but the sound of his voice was soothing and it did things to Will, his cock hard and leaking.

"Now, women lubricate naturally, of course, but often not enough, especially if there is not enough 'foreplay' involved. A bit of lubricant to help ease the glide is often appreciated by the ladies." Will didn't want to smooth the way with a woman, he wanted Hannibal to move

his fingers. Keeping his hips still would have been impossible without Hannibal's grip on his left hip.

"Now, when inserting somet-" Hannibal stopped talking in the middle of his sentence. He never stopped talking in the middle of a sentence. Will was going to ask what was happening when he felt the object move.

The groan Hannibal let out was feral, making Will shiver violently. Will cried out when the hand that had been holding him let go of his hip and slapped his asscheek.

Will closed his eyes. He had not been prepared to enjoy being spanked. He had not been prepared for a lot of things it seemed. "William," the barely repressed violence in Hannibal's voice made Will sweat, fear and excitement fighting for control. One wanting him to run, the other wanting to push his ass out even more and beg. "I need you to listen. Are you listening?"

Will nodded frantically. Hannibal had stopped moving. Will would do anything if it meant Hannibal would move his fingers again.

"Did you choose this because I gifted it to you?" Will paused. Oh. That wasn't a question Will had seen coming. Slowly, shyly, Will nodded. "I need words, sweet boy." Hannibal was now crooning, his fingers moving again, although a lot more slowly.

"Y-yes. I tried t-to choose something el-else, bu-but it made me s-so ho-hot, knowing that it came from you." Hannibal was now playing with the lip balm, moving it inside of Will, relentlessly. It felt so fucking good.

"I need you to tell me right now if you want me to stop, William. At any moment if this becomes too much, I need you to tell me to stop." Will barely managed to breathe out a yes. Hannibal hummed in approval, making Will preen. "The things I want to do to you, oh Will."

Will nearly screamed when the balm was taken out, sobbing at the empty feeling it left behind.

He moaned happily when the prying gloved fingers filled him up again. "Look at you, you want it so badly, don't you, darling?" Hannibal was now purring, still sitting behind Will. A third finger was added, making Will squirm. "Shh, it's alright, you're beautiful like this."

The comment made Will realize that because Hannibal was still seated behind him, he had a perfect view of, well, *everything* . Shame flooded him once again and he tried to escape, but another slap on his cheek made him stand still again.

"If you want this to stop, you only have to say it, Will." Stopping was the last thing in Will's mind. He wanted more.

"More, please, give me more!" He begged. Hannibal groaned again.

“You beg so beautifully. My beautiful, cunning boy.” Will heard the noise of foil, lube, and something being slicked. Then the fingers left his insides.

“No no no, please. I’ll be good, I promise, please. No-” Will was a mess, sobbing loudly at the loss.

He didn’t hear Hannibal stand, nor did he hear him take off his clothes but he felt Hannibal’s hands help Will out of his shirt and t-shirt, before feeling Hannibal’s hot skin against his feverish one, Will’s body being pressed against Hannibal’s chest by the older man’s strong arms around his chest.

Will whined. It felt good but it wasn’t enough. He needed to be filled again, needed it like air.

He let Hannibal move him like a ragdoll, still pleading to be filled again. In one moment he was clad against Hannibal's front and the next Will had his back against the cold ood of Hannibal’s desk, the man between his legs.

Hannibal looked savage, hunger and desire shining bright in his eyes. He looked at Will like he wanted to devour him.

If anyone else had looked like this at Will, he would have been scared. But with Hannibal it made him hot, it made him ache. He *wanted* Hannibal to devour him.

“You’re doing so good, Will. Don’t worry, I’m here, I will fill you up.” Hannibal gently stroked Will’s face and Will moaned, eager, pushing back when he felt something bold trying to enter his hole.

It was so much better than when he had tried it. Probably as good as in the video.

“Daddy!” Will screamed when Hannibal started to enter him.

Hannibal paused. Will started to panic. He didn't mean that (of course he did). He was thinking about the video and, and-

“How can you be so perfect,” The awe in Hannibal’s voice nearly hurt. “My perfect little boy, always so good for me.”

Will had been pretty still until now, letting Hannibal move him and do as he pleased, but the jolt of pleasure, happiness, love that flooded his system when Hannibal pushed in completely finally made Will move.

He threw his limbs around Hannibal, hugging him so hard they would need tools to separate them. “Yes daddy, ‘m good, promise, ‘m good.”

Hannibal hugged back and then suddenly stood up, taking Will with him. A new jolt of pleasure flooded Will and Will wanted more.

Like in the video he had seen, Will started to move his hips wantonly, trying to find just the right angle to feel the intense pleasure again. He threw his head back, blindly trusting

Hannibal not to drop him when he found it.

“You liked that, don’t you, darling.” Will nodded enthusiastically. “That’s your prostate. You are going to get very acquainted with it in the near future.” And yes, Will wanted that, he wanted that so much.

“Yes, daddy, just there, please.” Will was losing his mind, breaking down into tiny little pieces but it was so good, it felt so right to take the shreds and give them all to Hannibal.

“You’re mine, Will. I won’t ever let you go. I will kill anyone that stands between you and me.” Will knew at that moment Hannibal was speaking the truth, could see the monster looming in Hannibal’s maroon eyes and suddenly he came so hard he passed out.

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When Will came back to himself, a fully clothed Hannibal was sitting in his chair, a very naked Will in his lap. The older man was slowly stroking Will’s back, soothing him. To Will’s awe, Hannibal was singing, probably in Lithuanian.

Will had no idea how they got there or what had happened between his orgasm and now, but he didn’t care at all. It felt so good, so right to be there, In Hannibal’s embrace.

“Please tell me you aren't going to send me home as if nothing happened.” Will hid his head in the crook of Hannibal’s head, getting ready for rejection, knowing it would destroy him. Hannibal had shattered his soul and put it back together. Will was now Hannibal’s, always was and always will be.

“Did you not listen? You are mine, Will, and I am yours.”

Will sighed, content, before groaning. Clarice was never going to let this go.

End Notes

I am on Tumblr

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